

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst looke.

Pie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy lous, thy wit,

Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:

And vset none in that true use indeed,

Which should bedecke thy shape, thy lous, thy wit:

Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,

Digressing from the Valour of a man,

Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow peritric,

Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.

Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,

Mishapen in the conduct of them both:

Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flasse,

Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,

And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.

What, rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliue,

For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.

There art thou happy, *Tybalt* would kill thee,

But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happy.

The law that threatned death became thy Friend,

And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.

A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,

Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,

But like a misshapen and sullen wench,

Thou puttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,

Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:

But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,

For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,

Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,

Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,

With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy

Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,

And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,

To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!

My Lord, he tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:

Hee you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,

Soiourne in *Mantua*, he find out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time,

Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:

Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,

It were a griefe, to brieue to part with thee:

Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue faile out sir so vnluckily,

That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:

Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,

And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.

'Tis very late, she'st not come downe to night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to woo:

Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,

To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,

Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,

And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,

But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,

A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,

She shall be married to this Noble Earle:

Will you be ready? do you like this hast?

Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,

For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:

Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:

Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,

Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.

Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,

Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by.

Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:

It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,

That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,

Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranet tree,

Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:

No Nightingale; looke Loue what enuius streakes

Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:

Nights Candles are burnt out, and I second day

Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,

I must be gone and line, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:

It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,

Rom. Let me be ranc, let me be put to death,

I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

He say yon gray is not the mornings eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cymbias* brow.

Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate

The vaulty heauen so high about our heads,

I haue more care to stay, then will to go:

Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.

Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;

This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.

Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,

O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,

Hunting thee hence, with Hunt (vp to the day,

O now be gone, more light and idlig growes.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,

The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,

I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, 'o thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue

For sweet discourse in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,

Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,

As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,

Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:

Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,

But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feeble the losse, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.